
TO THE

M E M O R Y

OF

A L A D Y Lately Deceased.

[Price One Shilling.]

M E M O R Y

A L A D Y L A T E L Y D E C E A L E D

M E M O R Y

O F

A L A D Y L A T E L Y D E C E A L E D

[Price One Shilling.]

TO THE
M E M O R Y

OF

A L A D Y Lately Deceased.

A

M O N O D Y.

*Te dulcis conjux, solo te in littore secum
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for A. MILLAR, over-against Catherine-Street in the Strand;
And Sold by M. COOPER, at the Globe in Pater-noster Row.

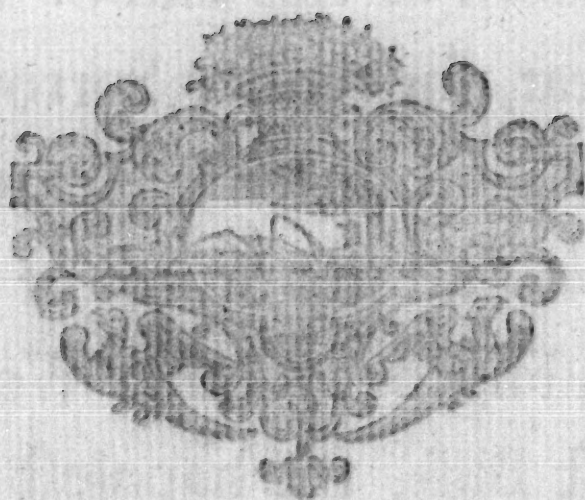
M DCC XLVII.

M E M O R Y
TO THE

OF
A L A D Y Lately Deceased.

A
M O N D Y.

*It hinc conjux, solo te in hinc secum
Te veniente die, te decedente cunctat.*



L O N D O N.
Printed for A. MILLAR, over against St. Dunstons Church in the Strand.
And sold by M. COOPER, in Pall-mall near the Theatre.
M DCC XLVII.



TO THE
M E M O R Y
O F
A L A D Y Lately Deceased.

I.

AT length escap'd from ev'ry Human Eye,
From ev'ry Duty, ev'ry Care,
That in my mournful Thoughts might claim a Share,
Or force my Tears their flowing Stream to dry,
Beneath the Gloom of this embow'ring Shade
This lone Retreat, for tender Sorrow made
I now may give my burden'd Heart Relief
And pour forth all my Stores of Grief,
Of Grief surpassing ev'ry other Woe
Far as the purest Bliss, the happiest Love
Can on th'ennobled Mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar Joys that move
Our gross Desires, inelegant, and low.

N^o B

II.

II.

Ye tufted Groves, ye gently falling Rills,

Ye high o'ershadowing Hills,

Ye Lawns gay-smiling with eternal Green,

Oft have You my Lucy seen!

But never shall you now behold her more:

Nor will she now with fond Delight

And Taste refin'd your Rural Charms explore.

Clos'd are those beauteous Eyes in endless Night,

Those beauteous Eyes where beaming us'd to shine

Reason's pure Light, and Virtue's Spark Divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of these Woods rejoice

To hear her Heav'nly Voice,

For Her despising, when she deign'd to sing,

The sweetest Songsters of the Spring:

The Woodlark and the Linnet pleas'd no more;

The Nightingale was mute,

And ev'ry Shepherd's Flute

Was cast in silent Scorn away

While all attended to her sweeter Lay.

Ye

Ye Larks and Linnets now resume your Song,
 And thou, melodious Philomel
 Again thy plaintive Story tell,
 For Death has stopt that tuneful Tongue,
 Whose Music could alone your warbling Notes excel.

IV.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known Ground
 My Lucy's wonted Footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk,
 Where oft in tender Talk
 We saw the Summer Sun go down the Sky;
 Nor by yon Fountain's Side
 Nor where its Waters glide
 Along the Valley, can she now be found:
 In all the wide-stretch'd Prospect's ample Bound
 No more my mournful Eye
 Can ought of Her espy,
 But the sad sacred Earth where her dear Relics lie.

V.

O Shades of *H*—y, where is now your Boast?
 Your bright Inhabitant is lost.

You

You she preferr'd to all the gay Resorts
 Where female Vanity might wish to shine,
 The Pomp of Cities, and the Pride of Courts.
 Her modest Beauties shunn'd the public Eye:
 To your sequestred Dales
 And flow'r-embroider'd Vales
 From an admiring World she chose to fly;
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
 The silent Paths of Wisdom trod,
 And banish'd ev'ry Passion from her Breast,
 But those, the Gentlest, and the Best,
 Whose Holy Flames with Energy Divine
 The virtuous Heart enliven and improve,
 The Conjugal, and the Maternal Love.

VI.

Sweet Babes, who, like the little playful Fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant Lawns
 By your delighted Mother's Side,
 Who now your Infant Steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the Hand whose tender Care
 To ev'ry Virtue would have form'd your Youth,
 And strew'd with Flow'rs the thorny Ways of Truth?
 O Loss beyond Repair!

O wretched Father, left alone
 To weep Their dire Misfortune, and Thy own
 How shall thy weaken'd Mind, oppress'd with Woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's Grave,
 Perform the Duties that you doubly owe,
 Now She, alas! is gone,
 From Folly, and from Vice, their helpless Age to save?

VII.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond Arms your fair Disciple tore,
 From these fond Arms that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual Love
 To guard her Bosom from the mortal Blow?
 Could not your fav'ring Power, *Aonian* Maids,
 Could not, alas! Your Power prolong her Date,
 For whom so oft in these inspiring Shades,
 Or under *Campden's* Moss-clad Mountains Hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred Store,
 Whate'er your antient Sages taught,
 Your ancient Bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd Breast with all your Spirit
 Glow?

VIII.

Nor then did *Pindus*, or *Castalia's* Plain,
 Or *Aganippe's* Fount your Steps detain,
 Nor in the *Thespian* Vallies did you play;
 Nor then on *Mincio's* Bank
 Beset with Ofiers dank,
 Nor where *Clitumnus* rolls his gentle Stream,
 Nor where through hanging Woods
 Steep *Anio* pours his Floods,
 Nor yet where *Meles*, or *Ilissus* stray.
 Ill does it now beseem
 That of your Guardian Care bereft
 To dire Disease and Death your Darling should be
 left.

IX.

Now what avails it, that in early Bloom,
 When light, fantastic Toys
 Are all her Sex's Joys,
 With you she search'd the Wit of Greece and Rome,
 And all that in her later Days
 To emulate her ancient Praise

^a The *Mincio* runs by *Mantua*, the Birth-place of VIRGIL. ^b The *Clitumnus* is a River of *Umbria*, the Residence of PROPERTIUS. ^c The *Anio* runs through *Tibur* or *Tivoli*, where HORACE had a Villa. ^d The *Meles* is a River of *Ionian*, from whence HOMER, supposed to be born on its Banks, is called *Melesigenes*. ^e The *Ilissus* is a River at *Athens*.

Italia's happy Genius could produce;

Or what the *Gallic* Fire

Bright-sparkling could inspire,

By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;

Or what in *Britain's* Isle,

Most favour'd with your Smile,

The Pow'rs of Reason and of Fancy join'd

To full Perfection have conspir'd to raise?

Ah what is now the Use

Of all these Treasures that enrich'd her Mind,

To blank Oblivion's Gloom for ever now consign'd!

X.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless Name

'Tis Yours from Death to save,

And in the Temple of immortal Fame

With golden Characters her Worth engrave.

Come then, ye Virgin Sisters, come,

And strew with choicest Flow'rs her hallow'd Tomb.

But foremost Thou, in sable Vestment clad,

With Accents sweet and sad,

Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his *Laura's* Urn

Unhappy *Petrarch* call'd to mourn,

O come, and to this fairer *Laura* pay

A more impassion'd Tear, a more pathetic Lay.

XI.

Tell how each Beauty of her Mind and Face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet, peculiar Grace!
 How eloquent in every Look
 Thro' her expressive Eyes her Soul distinctly spoke!
 Tell how her Manners by the World refin'd
 Left all the Taint of modish Vice behind,
 And made each Charm of polish'd Courts agree
 With candid Truth's Simplicity,
 And uncorrupted Innocence!
 Tell how to more than manly Sense
 She join'd the soft'ning Influence
 Of more than Female Tenderness!
 How in the thoughtless Days of Wealth and Joy
 Which oft the Care of other's Good destroy,
 Her kindly-melting Heart,
 To ev'ry Want, and ev'ry Woe,
 To Guilt itself when in Distress
 The Balm of Pity would impart
 And all Relief that Bounty could bestow!
 Ev'n for the Kid or Lamb that pour'd its Life
 Beneath the bloody Knife,
 Her gentle Tears would fall,
 As She the common Mother were of All.

XII.

Nor only Good, and Kind,
 But Strong and Elevated was her Mind:
 A Spirit that with noble Pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's Smile, or Frown;
 That could without Regret or Pain
 To Virtue's lowest Duty sacrifice
 Or Int'rest's, or Ambition's highest Prize;
 That injur'd or offended never try'd
 Its Dignity by Vengeance to maintain
 But by magnanimous Disdain.
 A Wit, that temperately bright,
 With inoffensive Light
 All pleasing shone, nor ever past
 The decent Bounds that Wisdom's sober Hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild Command,
 And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
 A Prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little, nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward Fear
 And without Weakness knew to be sincere.

D

Such

Such Lucy was, when in her fairest Days
Amidst th' Acclaim of Universal Praise

In Life's and Glory's freshest Bloom
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the
Tomb.

XIII.

So where the silent Streams of *Liris* glide,
In the soft Bosom of *Campania's* Vale,
When now the Wintry Tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes its Western Gale.
The verdant Orange lifts its beauteous Head:
From ev'ry Branch the balmy Flow'rets rise,
On ev'ry Bough the golden Fruits are seen;
With Odours sweet it fills the smiling Skies,
The Wood-Nymphs tend it, and th' *Idalian* Queen:
But in the midst of all its blooming Pride
A sudden Blast from *Apenninus* blows

Cold with perpetual Snows:
The tender, blighted Plant shrinks up its Leaves, and
Dies.

XIV.

Arise, O *Petrarch*, from th'*Elysian* Bowers
 With never-fading Myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with Ambrosial Flowers,
 Where to thy *Laura* thou again art join'd;
 Arise, and hither bring the Silver Lyre
 Tun'd by thy skilful Hand
 To the soft Notes of Elegant Desire,
 With which o'er many a Land
 Was spread the Fame of thy disastrous Love:
 To me resign the vocal Shell,
 And teach my Sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy Tale so well
 As may ev'n Things inanimate
 Rough Mountain Oaks, and desert Rocks, to Pity
 move.

XV.

What were, alas! Thy Woes compar'd to Mine?
 To Thee thy Mistress in the blissful Band
 Of *Hymen* never gave her Hand:
 The Joys of wedded Love were never thine.

In

In thy Domestick Care
 She never bore a Share,
 Nor with endearing Art
 Would heal thy wounded Heart
 Of ev'ry secret Grief that fester'd there:
 Nor did her fond Affection on the Bed
 Of Sickness watch thee, and thy languid Head
 Whole Nights on her unwearied Arm sustain
 And charm away the Sense of Pain:
 Nor did she crown your Mutual Flame
 With Pledges dear, and with a Father's tender Name.

XVI.

O Best of Wives! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy Virgin Charms
 Were yielded to my Arms,
 How can my Soul endure the Loss of Thee?
 How in the World, to me a Desert grown,
 Abandon'd, and alone,
 Without my sweet Companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely Smile,
 The dear Reward of ev'ry virtuous Toil,
 What Pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
 Ev'n

Ev'n the delightful Sense of well-earn'd Praise,
Unshar'd by Thee, no more my lifeless Thoughts
could raise.

XVII.

For my distracted Mind
What Succour can I find?
Or whom for Consolation shall I call?
Support me, ev'ry Friend,
Your kind Assistance lend
To bear the Weight of this oppressive Wee.

Alas! each Friend of mine
My dear, departed Love, so much was thine,
That none has any Comfort to bestow.

My Books, the best Relief
In ev'ry other Grief,
Are now with your Idea sadden'd all!
Each fav'rite Author we together read
My tortur'd Mem'ry wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

XIX.

XVIII.

We were the happiest Pair of Human kind!
The rolling Year its varying Course perform'd,
And back return'd again,

Another, and another smiling came,
And saw our Happiness unchang'd remain:

Still in her Golden Chain
Harmonious Concord did our Wishes bind:

Our Studies, Pleasures, Tastes the same.

O fatal, fatal Stroke,
That all this pleasing Fabric Love had rais'd

Of rare Felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with Envy gaz'd,
And ev'ry Scheme of Bliss our Hearts had form'd,
With soothing Hope, for many a future Day,

In one sad Moment broke!
Yet, O my Soul, thy rising Murmurs stay,
Nor dare th' Allwise Disposer to arraign,
Or against His supreme Decree

With impious Grief complain.
That all thy full-blown Joys at once should fade
Was his most righteous Will, and be that Will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond Love his Grace to her controul,
And in these low Abodes of Sin and Pain

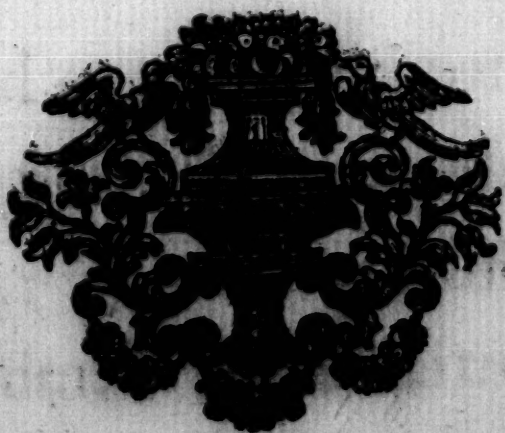
Her pure, exalted Soul
Unjustly for thy partial Good detain?

No --- rather strive thy groveling Mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded Blaze,
 That heav'nly Radiance of eternal Light,
 In which enthron'd she now with Pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight

Is ev'ry mortal Bliss,
 Ev'n Love itself, if rising by Degrees
 Beyond the Bounds of this imperfect State,
 Whose fleeting Joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sov'reign Good ascend.

Rise then, my Soul, with Hope elate,
 And seek those Regions of serene Delight,
 Whose peaceful Path, and ever-open Gate,
 No Feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
 There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
 There yield up all his Pow'r e'er to divide you more.

F I N I S.



No -- rather strive thy growing Mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze
 That heavenly Radiance of eternal Light,
 In which enthron'd the now with Pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight
 Is ev'ry mortal Bliss.
 Ev'n Love itself, if rising by Degrees
 Beyond the Bounds of this imperfect State,
 Whole fleeting Joy to soon must end,
 It does not to its sov'reign Good ascend.
 Rise then, my Soul, with Hope elate,
 And seek those Regions of serene Delight,
 Whole peaceful Path, and ever-open Gate,
 No Fear but those of harden'd Guile shall miss.
 There Death himself thy Luck shall restore,
 There yield up all his ~~own~~ ^{own} to divide you more.

F I W I S

